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Brotherhood



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from

Day Dreams

by

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Worth While Series

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Brotherhood

I COUNT that day well spent, when I
Can hope inspire, or courage bring
To one, who's fighting 'gainst great odds,
Who's found in life naught but the sting.

When I can feel an answering throb
In hand-clasp, or can catch a smile,
I know I've touched his heart of hearts—
He's grasped the thot that life's worth while.

The inspiration I would give
Comes back to me at such a time,
Brings strength of purpose to my life,
While common things are made sublime.

In giving freely we receive
The very things we fain would give!
While pointing others to the road,
We, too, in turn are taught to live!

The Secret of Happiness

A LITTLE kindness shown each day
To one less fortunate
Will bring into your life a joy
That Wealth nor Place nor Power could buy.
E'en tho it be a little thing
Unnoticed by the world
'Twill make for Peace, 'twill make for Worth
'Twill herald to this world a Birth
Of Happiness Divine.

This Is Life

A LITTLE sun, a little rain,
A little joy, a little pain,
A song of praise, a dirge's strain.
And this is life.

Sometimes a crown, sometimes a cross,
Sometimes pure gold and sometimes dross,
Sometimes it's gain and sometimes loss,
And this is life.

Sometimes we're good and sometimes bad,
Sometimes we're happy, sometimes sad,
Sometimes good humored, sometimes mad.
And this is life.

Some poverty and then some wealth,
Some days of pain and some of health.
Some days of frankness, some of stealth,
And this is life.

A little wrong, a little right,
A little day, a little night,
A bit of shade, then all is light.
And this is life.

Give

If death should come today and claim
This house of clay in which I live,
I'd feel my life had been complete
Life's greatest lesson now I've learned
It is, to give—to give.

Whistle an Old Time Tune

WHEN blue and discouraged, when business is bad,
When everything goes dead wrong,
It's yourself that's to blame—just get in the game,
And whistle an oldtime song!

When clouds of despair seem to hover close by,
If you would change midnight to noon,
Just screw up your face with the best of good grace,
And whistle a cheery old tune!

There are friends who'll desert you, when old age
creeps on,
When your feet are beginning to slip,
But just you show sand, for the end will be grand,
Should you die with a song on your lip!

The Greatest Things

THE greatest things in this world of ours
Are the things you'd perhaps call small,
But a kind word here,
And a smile given there
Will banish the trouble and sorrow and care
Of many a weary soul!

Best Thoughts

LET'S have more faith in all mankind,
As thru the world we go:
For faith breeds hope,
and hope breeds love—
'Twould Heaven make here below.

Let's have a smile for tear-dimmed eyes,
A hand-clasp warm and true:
A kind word given now and then
Would help life's journey thru!

Let's think pure thoughts; let's use
clean words;
Face wrong with fearless eyes!
Let's stand for right, and all that's
good,
Our face turned toward the skies!

What of the Harvest

I WONDER who the winner is,
When all is done and said?
The one who's toiling here today,
Or he who's with the dead?
Is death reward for good deeds done,
Or punishment for sin?
Is death the ending of our life,
Or does it just begin?

We're told that death down here on earth,
Is punishment bestowed.
On those who choose the broad highway,
Instead the narrow road.
But mayhap we in our poor way,
As judge 'twixt wrong and right,
Have overlooked what death might hold
In our poor blinded sight.

The seed we plant within the soil
Decays ere it can bring
Of fruitage bearing life and strength,
A lovely, wondrous thing.
Thus death may be a stepping stone
From all our cares and strife
Into a broader grander world
Into eternal life.

Smile

FACE the world with a smile—
Life's always worth while:
To the fearless is given a crown.
Keep out the past—
Disappointments can't last,
Success was ne'er won by a frown.

Just Folks

AFTER all is said and done,
We all are just plain folks.
Tho some boast riches—others power,
Each may be lost within the hour:
Life's more or less a hoax.

A moment may efface the years
Of toil and struggle drear,
We chance it all on pitch and toss,
Of winning all or suffer loss
Without a thot of fear.

There's some who gain an honored name
By years of watchful care:
When by chance word of friend or foe,
A seed of doubt will quickly grow,
Bring ruin and despair.

Then let no one attempt to judge,
Life's more or less a hoax;
Each has his faults, his virtues, too,
About the same as I and you,
Just common, average folks.

Hear Ye in Mercy

THE greatest sins within this land
Are selfishness and greed;
We've overlooked these two great crimes;
We give them little heed
While rushing madly day by day,
Pursuing wealth and place;
We've nigh lost sight of Brotherhood
In our relentless chase.

The less unfortunate we crush
Beneath our ruthless heel;
We've thot so long of just ourselves
We've lost the power to feel
A pang of pity for the one
Who lost in life's great game;
Who courted just a homely life;
Not wealth nor power nor fame.

But now with old age creeping near,
With no gold in his purse,
He asks for food and shelter warm,
We answer with a curse;
Tho oft we've read his well writ lines
And gazed on paintings rare,
We turn deaf ears and hurry on
Nor heed this suppliant's prayer.

I wonder when the deeds of men
Are judged by Him on High,
Who sees our every little act
From throne there in the sky,
I wonder will our sordid gold
Outweigh his work of art,
Who writ his lines and painted scenes
With red blood from his heart.

Today the Best of All

LET'S make to-day the best of all,
Let's answer every inward call
That leads to better living.
Let's strive anew for what is best,
Let's succor give to those opprest,
Our gain is in the giving.

Face the Old World with a Grin

WHEN the problems in life seem too many,
And you scarcely know where to begin,
Just throw back your shoulders, and swallow that sob,
And face this old world with a grin!

When weary of toil and of trouble,
When tired of the pleasures of sin,
Turn your face toward the sun, and the battle's half won
If you face this old world with a grin!

When friends of your childhood forsake you,
When harmony's lost in life's din,
Just buck up, my boy, for there's lots of keen joy,
If you face this old world with a grin!

Love's Harvest

THIS little that I give to you—
If to yourself you would be true,
If love you wish, of love bestow,
And love you'll find, where'er you go.

For we shall reap of what we sow—
Of joy and gladness, pain or woe—
Let's sow of love: our harvest's sure,
If thoughts be right, and motives pure!

A Morning Thought

A BRIGHT new world is ushered in
Each morn at rise of sun;
Our yesterdays are past and gone,
A new life has begun;
So see to it our best we do
Just now, nor morrow wait,
For should we put it off 'till then,
We'll be one day too late.

Don't worry, then, of days that's past,
Nor those that are to be;
The only time of which we're sure,
Is now; So let us see
Improvement every day and hour
And at the set of sun,
We'll words of approbation hear,
And they will be, "well done."

Our Very Best

IF we but do our very best,
We need not worry. All the rest
That we deserve, will us be given,
For harmony, indeed, is Heaven!

We have no tasks too great to bear,
So we need never have a care,
For strength we will receive each day
To bear our burdens all the way.

Don't worry then, and be downcast;
The Present's ours, but not the Past!
To-day's a fresh beginning here,
So labor on, and never fear.

Whither?

WHITHER goest thou, oh man!
In this Whirl of Life;
What thy thot, and what thy aim;
What thy seeking—Wealth or Fame,
In this world of strife?

Art thou helping ease the load
Of the one opprest;
Art thou lavish in thy deeds;
Art thou mindful of the needs
In thy brother's breast?

Are thy thots of peace or war
In this trying hour;
Wouldst thou add unto the strife;
Wouldst thou take another's life,
E'en thou given power?

Service

PUCKER up and chase that ugly frown away,
No matter what you're doing, whether work or
whether play;
The man who wins the money,
Has a disposition sunny—
Try it out and you will find that it will pay.

Grasp the hand of one who's losing in life's game;
It matters not his name or rank, maybe he's not to
blame.

Then let us all be brothers—
Strength we'll reap in helping others,
Joy of serving's worth a whole lot more than fame.

Git Up and Git

DON'T ever say quit,
A better word's—Git!
A git-up-and-gitter sounds better!
Don't ever say fail,
Nor your sad lot bewail;
Be a git-up-and-gitter—that's better!

Don't ever say die!
A better word's—Try!
Just try and you surely will win;
Forget all your sighin',
Cut out all your cryin'!
Just try, and you surely will win!

Lend a Helping Hand

If I can help my fellow man
By thot or word or deed,
I'll feel my life has been well spent,
I'll worry not of creed.

If I can bring a smile of joy
To eyes bedimmed with tears,
I'll worry not of sects or isms,
I'll free my thots from fears.

If I can lend a helping hand
To one less strong than I,
Of heaven I'll reap here on this earth,
Not in some distant sky.

Life's Problem

TO-DAY we are happy, to-morrow we're sad;
To-day business good, while to-morrow it's bad;
To-day life is rapture, to-morrow it's pain;
To-day is all sunshine, to-morrow all rain;
To-day we may smile, while to-morrow we frown;
To-day we look upward, to-morrow look down;
To-day do our best, on to-morrow our worst;
To-day quaff of joy's cup, to-morrow athirst;
To-day in a crowd and to-morrow alone;
To-day we court pleasure, to-morrow atone;
To-day we give comfort, to-morrow give pain,
So happy let's be, whether sunshine or rain.
To-day we show courage, to-morrow we're weak;
To-day we shun sin which to-morrow we seek;
To-day life's a problem which to-morrow makes plain,
Then happy let's be, whether sunshine or rain.

Ye Who Pray

THAT are you asking for
In your daily prayers,
Strength to perform your tasks;
Or surcease from your cares?

Gold, to gratify your wish,
Or succor give to one
Who's missed the better things in life,
Whose race is well nigh run?

Ask ye in selfish mood
Just self to gratify,
Or ask ye for the good of all
Who dwell beneath the sky?

If

If you had but one day to live,
I wonder how you'd live it?
Would you still scramble after power,
And wealth pursue in your last hour?
I wonder how you'd live it?

If you had but one loaf to share,
I wonder would you share it?
With one who hungered all alone,
Or would you offer such a stone?
I wonder would you share it?

If you had but one wish to make,
I wonder would you make it,
A selfish one, meant all for you,
Or would you wish for my good, too?
I wonder what you'd make it?

Always Joy

LOOK up, not down! Just smile, not
frown!

Our life is what we make it!
Forget the past—clouds cannot last—
There's joy: if we but take it!

Despise Not Little Things

THOU, God, who holdeth fast the universe in space;
Thou, God, who painteth bright the tiny wild
flower's face:

This lesson I would learn of Thee—

Despise no thing—it matters not how small it be.

E'en tho my mind be filled with questions great,
Mayhap of Freedom's Cause, or Rule of State,
Let me not overlook the little things I find,
For acts as these bind closer all mankind.

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